

The
West
Saxon



Autumn Term,
1931.

WESSEX.

The Annual Magazine published by University College, Southampton, designed to serve as a rallying point for the forces working to create a University of Wessex, and also to provide an annual review of intellectual affairs for the district of Wessex.

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The West Saxon.

The Magazine of
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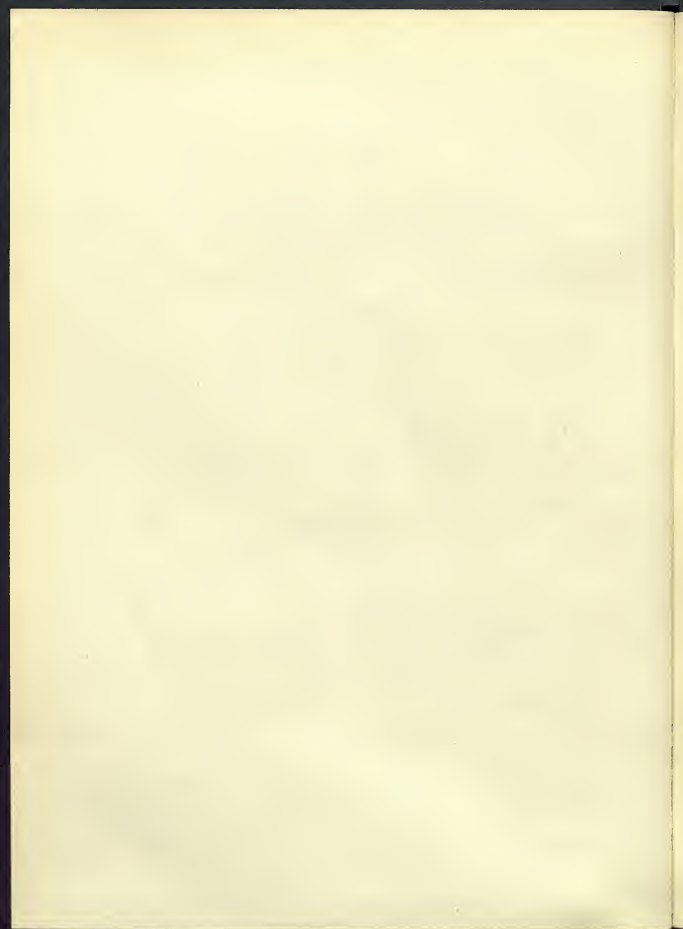
Vol. XXXII.

AUTUMN TERM, 1931.

No. 1.

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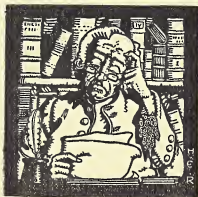
Editor: BARBARA BENINGTON.

Sub-Editor: M. J. GLENN.

Secretary: E. S. EAST.

The Editor accepts no responsibility for any views expressed or suggested in the "West Saxon."

THE EDITOR SPEAKS.



GENTLE reader, have you ever wondered why Editorials are written? Probably not; I never had—until now. Nor have I yet been able to decide how they are written, much less how they should be. I wondered whether it would be possible to strike out on an entirely new line in Editorials, but it seemed to me that the only new line would be to omit the Editorial completely, which would be sacrilege; for without it you might forget that the Editor existed, as you do when he has pestered you for an article, and you have got rid of him only by promising to provide him with "something." Now, I would have you bear in mind that an Editor's

pride is as good as any man's, so that it would be the hardest thing in the world for him if he were treated as though he had no existence; and, moreover, that you should not imagine that *The West Saxon* writes itself, we deign to follow tradition and appear in print, bringing an atmosphere of joy into your overwrought lives.

What then is my message to the world? At the moment, I find articulation a little difficult, having shouted myself hoarse in a vain attempt to persuade the Hockey team to beat Kings' this afternoon; yet not all in vain, for they did prevent Kings' from beating them, and it was a glorious game even for a mere spectator! For being a hard-worked member of Society, I like to spend my leisure in watching others exert themselves. Probably you will say that that is wrong, and that I should devote my leisure time to improving my mind; but then there would be no distinction between my leisure and working hours. I enjoy my work: you laugh; but I do, really; yet I know, as you know, that no work would be enjoyable without adequate respite from it. At the same time, there is the Ancient Professor who returns each night to his home and continues working in his spare time at the very stuff that has occupied all the hours for which he is paid to work. He does it because he enjoys it; does that make all his time into leisure? If so, Education is surely a complete success where he is concerned, for in teaching him to regard all his work as pleasurable, and therefore as leisure, it has surely taught him the right use of leisure. How different from the poor little typist, who, after drudging all day in an office at someone else's work, returns home to spend her leisure time in doing chores and darning stockings, so that she may appear respectable on the

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morrow ; with her, I suppose Education has been an utter failure. Yet of the two, she is the greater social success and fits far better into our complicated scheme of civilisation.

Of course, a University student is even more successful as a member of society ; and the average student does enjoy his work to a certain extent and most certainly enjoys any respite from his work, so that all his life may be said to consist of leisure—except, perhaps, that quarter-of-an-hour in the middle of the morning when 500 odd students (very odd, sometimes) scramble, shove and shout to get the refreshment that even Senate recognises as necessary at such a time. Times have changed ; some of us can look back with longing to the time when the peace of the morning was not disturbed by such rush and flurry, out of place anywhere except at a London 'bus stop, during the specified rush hours. But now, that quarter of an hour's relaxation is the only time in the day when one has to endure really uncongenial work ; and when you imagine your reward won, your coffee is too hot and you must leave it with your half-smoked cigarette, to return to the restful atmosphere of a lecture room.

In the Library, during your work and during your leisure, do you just soak in and enjoy, passively, what is doled out to you ? Aren't you sometimes considerably moved by what you hear or read, moved to ejaculate, contradict, offer your own opinion ? and is the incentive never strong enough to urge you to put your opinion into a more permanent form than words, which are but air ? Don't be modest ; your opinion is worth having, if it is worth saying (do you hesitate to say it ?), and if it is worth hearing, *The West Saxon* is longing to publish it for you. Selfishly, you keep your opinions private, while in his den the Editor tears his hair and raves for copy ; his nights become one long horror, his days one waking nightmare because he has not time to write the magazine himself, yet cannot rely on others to do it for him.

We want to be the organ through which student opinion is expressed ; when we ask for contributions we do not necessarily mean, " send something funny, or passionate," though we are fully aware that either might express something of the student mentality. We prefer to believe, however, that there are other aspects of student life which would be equally suitable and attractive in print,

" And so amid our black despair,
There lingers yet a ray of hope."



THE FAIR.

THE first I saw of it was a lurid warm glow above the trees on the hill. From that distance the music was agreeably mellowed, and seemed to be whispering an invitation through the darkness. As I neared the scene my curiosity was whetted, although the mellowness had vanished, giving place to a strident harshness. Still, it is the rhythm that counts; the grunting blare of over-accentuated bass notes; the rag-time regularity of beat: all this keeping jaded spirits from flagging until the money is spent, and the last lights have gone out.

There was a good deal of rain, but nobody minded that. The muddy ground had been furrowed by the snorting monsters whose duty it was to transport and to arrange the various delights, meanwhile to stand throbbing hard by their dynamos, seeming to epitomise in their whirring the very spirit of the fair.

The swing-boats seemed peopled with demons who swept down out of the upper darkness into the garish glow, only to rush up again to be lost for a second before returning. The roundabout was conspicuously blatant. Constructed out of cheaply-painted planks and rods, it was careering round to a veritable blast of noise produced by a mechanical organ. There, in a crazy niche was a gnome-like figure folding the records, and above stood a group of statuettes which might well have represented a teratologist's nightmare. These were circling grotesquely with the whole shuddering structure. Every now and then the general confusion of noises would be dwarfed by a discordant siren which proclaimed the end of one all-too-short joy-ride or the beginning of another.

Then the people; these were mostly rustics. Perhaps to that little kitchen-maid a ride on the horses was a passable substitute for her dreams of unattainable opulence. There were plenty of pleasant enough people enjoying themselves thoroughly, or appearing to do so, as they threw away hard-earned pence in the frail hopes of acquiring a trashy and worthless trinket. That other sort was there too; as plentiful as moths round a candle flame on a summer's eve. You could tell them by their painted faces—never beautiful, seldom even pretty. They lounged and ogled with an apathy born of long use. Everywhere travestied romance was afoot. Few girls there were who did not suffer brutal and unchivalrous overtures, fewer men who did not make them.

Some, like myself, were standing slightly aloof and watching. Here folk were too busy to mind an idle watcher or two; besides, these folk themselves were watching since affairs like this were calculated to a supply a village with sufficient raw material to ensure the success of gossip-groups for some long time to come. There was quite a stir when the Squire came to take a joy-ride. He affected pleasure, but found the whole thing an intense bore. A few moments later he was being brushed down by an apologetic valet in the security of his mansion.

There is a vigour about the showman which contrasts strangely with his more civilised counterpart, the etiolated expressionless product of the cities. The showman's life is fraught with adventure, hard work, and exposure. His appearance is clearly of secondary importance. He has reduced the veneering of hollow mockery to a fine art. All around these show-grounds, just out of the circle of light, stand the showmen's homes, the caravans, from which earringed show-wives contemplate a scene which has become part and parcel of their very existence.

Everything at the fair was for pleasure. It existed ostensibly for the entertainment of its patrons. To some of the simpler folk it must have seemed that a Deity was in

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charge. I saw the Deity a little later. He was fat and very, very dirty. I asked him in a kindly voice, "Was the show going well?" to which he replied, rather witheringly I thought, "Look at that b—— thing." He was indicating the roundabout with its prancing misconceptions of horses all tearing round, and with nobody on them. This was because of the rain and, since under these circumstances coherent conversation was impossible, I left him gazing malevolently about; the whites of his eyes contrasting strangely with his oil-besmirched face.

I had seen about all there was to see. The organ tunes were coming round again and again with excruciating monotony. The siren's shriek had, by long persistence, broken down my former immunity, and I went away. After a while that pleasing effect returned. The soft night air—the rain had stopped—filtered out the harshness once again, and in the distance I could hear the haunting music and I could see that warm inviting glow above the trees.

M. J. G.



PROTEST.

FOLLOW, follow, follow . . .
The winds blew through the branches
And caught my hair :
How could I hope to enjoy it
While you were there ?
And the great wide spaces
Were crowded places . . .
And yet you didn't know
How much I wanted you to go.

Hollow, hollow, hollow,
Your stream of words persisted
And overcame
The very Soul of that Beauty
With bitter shame ;
And your vibrant laughter
Lingered long after
Your clumsy form was fled :
But the quiet and the peace was dead.

Empty, vain commotion
That breaks on the stately music
Of solitude,
Don't your senses tell you
That you intrude ?
When you, who are so clever,
Have gone for ever,
The whole glad world will raise
One song of joy over the windswept ways.

B. B.

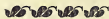
"O LORD, WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE."

RECENTLY I had the misfortune to bump into a gentleman of my acquaintance ; it was in the corridor just as I had turned to go down the "covered way" ; you know, gentle reader, how it happens, a sudden turn, a violent kick and you are urged on by your own impetus into the yawning opening, a kind of *fauces Averni*, which leads directly down to the realm of Pluto, where men, and women for that matter, fill the cup, quaff it and depart. On this occasion it fell out otherwise, there was the same sudden turn, the same degree of violence in the kick, but an almost unnatural impetus which hurled me not into the yawning cavern, dark, chill and friendless ; instead I found myself bound up with, almost immutably compounded with, a mass of matter almost like my own, but huge, almost I might say Brobdingnagian. Chillness there was none, darkness intense, palpable, was overcoming me, and the harmony as of a wheezy cow dulled my brain. Above, about and around me was matter. Not ordinary matter, believe me, but the kind that one feels has a mark, a mark of refinement and distinction. I breathed, yet how I know not ; it seemed a dream in which everything material took on a new quality. The wheeziness I had noticed before increased in volume until it seemed like the first desperate puffs of a shunting engine trying to get away with its heavy load. Across my forehead there was something pressing, it seemed cool and more rigid than the rest of the matter I was enveloped in ; it struck me that it must be metallic. A watch-chain !

This thought brought me back to myself ; a watch-chain, and on my bored face I felt the harsh male kiss of rough tweed. The darkness, the touch of metal on my forehead, the softness of the matter in which I was imbedded, the feeling of roughness from the smelling Harris tweed, all these things developed an uncomfortable significance. I realised my position, my misfortune : I had run amidships into a man, and had become hopelessly entangled in his midribs. Withdrawing myself cautiously and with great determination from the folds of a seemingly mayoral amplitude, I stood singly and ashamed before my victim, whom I now recognised as a lecturer. The wheeziness which I had at first heard merely as a strange harmony in strange surrounding, and which had developed through an accelerating crescendo, reached its pitch in an explosion which, in its intensity and force, was more suggestive of the animal than of the human being. With a head bowed in submissive humility I listened penitently to the voluble diatribe of an enraged lecturer. Meekly I bowed my head for the storm, and, gentle reader, it was with a strange mixture of gravity and hilarity that I retired to some corner of this ancient pile, where I might in quietness live over again those sweet seconds within the roomy expanses of a lecturial tummy.

ORIN.

[From the above description, can you locate the tummy ?—Ed.]



HIGHFIELD.

"And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women."—"Julius Caesar."

MR. NY-W-T.

"Black as the pit from pole to pole."—*Henry*.
"I am black, but comely."—"Song of Solomon."

W. H. DAVIES.

W. H. DAVIES' whole life is a protest against the rules and regulations imposed by organised society upon each of its individual members. His early life is characterised by restlessness and a complete indifference for convention; later he lived as a tramp in America and England, working when and where he pleased, completely free in all his movements. He refuses to order his life by the hands of a clock, or submit himself to any monotonous routine.

"If I cannot be free
To do such work as pleases me,
Near woodland pools and under trees,
You'll get no work at all."

He recoils from the noise and rush of the town where he hears the frantic steps of those who pursue wealth and honour, and the no less frantic footfalls of those who must earn their daily bread. It is from this perpetual rush that the poet flees. Life without leisure is for him an unbearable burden which crushes all man's sense of beauty, and turns him into the slave of material things. In "Leisure" he expresses his desire for time to look and feast his eyes on beauty, time to "lounge" through life.

"What is this life if, full of care,
We have not time to stand and stare.

"No time to turn at Beauty's glance
And watch her feet, how they can dance."

This poem not only expresses the poet's absolute need of freedom and leisure, but it voices the fear that men, in their heedlessness, are letting Beauty pass unnoticed, that Beauty which is the heritage of all. W. H. Davies is not the only modern poet to bid men pay their tribute to beauty; in the following lines of Walter de la Mare we find the same sentiment expressed:

"Look thy last on all things lovely
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deadly slumber
Till to delight
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing."

Beauty for W. H. Davies is embodied in Nature and it is to Nature that he flees for solace. She inspires in him a feeling of deep contentment untroubled by desire for wealth and success. He surrenders himself entirely to the comforting quietness of nature:

"I also love a quiet place
That's green, away from all mankind;
A lonely pool, and let a tree
Sigh with her bosom over me."

He does not approach it with any deeply philosophical attitude of mind. He is not concerned with the origin or meaning of beauty, nor does he wish to reduce it to

W. H. DAVIES.

any formula, but he just wants to enjoy it. He is satisfied with the external beauties of Nature, and the joy and delight with which they inspire him remain untroubled by any probings beneath the surface. He is keenly sensitive to every appeal to ear and eye, and he hears and sees those things which one less intimate with Nature would pass unnoticed. He does not see Nature as a magnificent whole, but rather as an innumerable number of small delights which charm away the melancholy he feels at the thought of the life led by those in towns. He hears

“Leaves drinking rain ;
The rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop.”

He sees that “Some little leaves have not outgrown their curly childhood.” He tastes

“The mellow pears
That cheat our teeth,
Which melt that tongues may suck them in.”

Every sight, sound and odour of the countryside is described in verse that charms by its simplicity. W. H. Davies escapes the reproach made against the poets of the “Week-End School,” namely that they wrote about Nature as town-dwellers and not as men who have lived in close contact with it. He has lived close to Nature, he knows its every mood, its sights, and sounds and colours, and these are the subjects which inspire his verse.



A STAR.

A STAR !
in midnight Oxford Street.
Soft grey that smoothes to black
lined with the sweeping track
of carriages that fleet
afar.

The drone
of things that pass me by,
sky signs of red and blue,
the slinking homeless few.
High in the thickened sky—
alone. . . .

W. T.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR,

Can you possibly explain to me why college men are so very short ?

Yours, rather put out,

PERPLEXED PANSY.

* * * *

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

SIR,

I have attended this institution for two years, taking part inconspicuously in most of the activities connected with the place, and daily has my perplexity increased. Perhaps some of your enlightened readers could inform me ?

We are called a University College. Does this appellation denote something between a secondary school and a University proper ? If so, I would suggest, Sir, that this college is much nearer to the secondary school. For surely a University is an institution for students capable of acting in a reasonable manner without continual supervision. Are our students such ? Consider two events which have occurred this term. We were privileged to hear the candidates of both parties in the recent election. Neither meeting had as chairman a member of the staff (I had almost written "responsible person"). I need not describe the scenes of hooliganism which greeted the remarks of both parties alike—hooliganism which arose out of no political feeling, as the perpetrators thereof were manifestly incapable of thought on so serious a subject. Contrast with this the debate recently organised between members of the Staff by the Debating Society (incidentally may I ask, in passing, whether this society is defunct or merely dormant?). The presence of members of the Staff (not, be it understood, the superiority of the speaking) resulted in behaviour which was a model of propriety.

Further, may I inquire whether there is an effort to introduce into our overgrown school a debased kind of prefect system ? I refer to those nebulous semi-uniformed youths who amble so officiously in our midst. Have they any disciplinary powers ? If so, is it necessary to fall back on impertinence to maintain these powers ? If we are to be disciplined by such, let their powers be recognised and made constitutional. If not, let them keep to their own sphere, which, I should imagine, is the carrying of messages and the like.

I am aware that this letter, if printed, will stir up a hornets' nest, but it will not have been of no avail if it helps to disperse the perplexity of many like

Your Disgruntled Correspondent,

T. W.

* * * *

To the Editor of the West Saxon.

DEAR SIR, or Madam,

May I encroach upon your columns to air a grievance against the new generation. I am, sir, a man with a mission : I do not seek truth in a well, but—apparently a far more hopeless quest—culture in a university. Imagine me wandering around a modern

CORRESPONDENCE.

college, hoping to cull, by casual observation and careful listening (without a breach of good manners), scraps of erudition, fragments of useful knowledge, and a selection of twentieth-century thought from young people who nominally are applying their young, active and fertile brains to the search for wisdom.

Alas ! what do I find ? These bright young things gather together in a refectory, not to discuss Einstein's theories, nor the fallibility of Lamarck's ideas about heredity, nor even to trace the development of the *termes* from Indo-Germanic to the present day, but to retail incidents with abrupt, unexpected or ribald conclusions, or to talk about people, their characters and actions—in short, to spread scandal.

Adjourning to a common room, where one might expect the segregation of the sexes to raise the standard of conversation, I find the name of the room duly merited. Wrangling about cards is varied by wrangling about the suitability of various people to take part in a barbarous sport, consisting in the chasing of a ball, instead of knowledge, in which size of limbs, strength of muscles, brawn—in fact, every part of the body except the brain is of importance.

Moving to still another part of the building, I find many of these heirs to the giant minds of the past, passing their leisure by rhythmic movement of the nether limbs to the accompaniment of discordant, over-emphasised, and strangely punctuated music. The sinuous movements of the young men as they "wheeled" their partners around moved me to satirical mirth, as I thought of it as practice for wheeling a perambulator at a later stage : a fit occupation for their intellectual standard.

Here I returned to the Refectory, and my heart rose : a group of young men, apparently engaged in the pursuit of Psychology, were discussing heredity. At last, thought I, I have found students who can aspire to subjects beyond scandal and sport. Picture then my disappointment, when I heard this meritorious subject turned to ribald jokes about siblings—and twins.

This, then, is a seat of learning in our green and pleasant land—most admirably termed. With such gravity do the heirs of centuries of university education follow its noble paths. Where, then, am I to find culture ? Must I retire to a hermit's life and take a Correspondence Course ? Tell me—and I will remain

Your obedient servant,

WALDIG.



P.T. SQUAD.

"What are these
So withered and so wild in their attire
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth
And yet are on't ?"—"Macbeth."

A REJOINDER TO B. B.

By the Author of "Hampstead : a Satire in the *Augustan* Manner."

DEAR Madam, I am honour'd that you should
Label my humble verses as "Quite good" :
Your own are not too bad ; I only hope
They made you read your *Dryden* and your *Pope*.
A few words of reply are but your due,
I know my *Hampstead* quite as well as you,
Better, perhaps ; long before you were born,
I roam'd the *Heath* on many a breezy morn ;
Like you I stood and gazed on summer nights
Beneath the stars at *London's* starry lights.
I love the soft green Turf, the hawthorn shades,
The noble chestnuts and the sylvan glades,
And I remember (as you can't) when these
Beauties lay deep embower'd in green trees
And grassy meadows, which have been replaced
By those fine monuments of modern taste,
Row upon row of villas planted thick,
A glaring wilderness of bright red brick.
I call it murder : useless to reply
That folk must live ; then why should beauty die ?
Who dies, if beauty live ? If they had brought
The world new beauty of colour, line or thought,
Ev'n if their buildings had been truly grand,
If glorious avenues and nobly plann'd
Houses had risen to glorify the land ;
I should have hailed that newborn beauty of Art,
Nor heav'd one sigh that Nature's must depart.

I'm a suburban born and bred, I say
Much praise is due to good King George's day.
Life is more safe and comfortable and clean
For most of us than it has ever been.
But something's lacking ; it is all too tame,
Too safe, too comfortable, it lacks the flame
That burned through other wilder, dirtier ages.
We may not have their dangers or their rages,
But have we got their spirit ; can we show
One *Plato*, *Shakespeare*, *Michael Angelo* ?

A REJOINDER TO B. B.

The Suburb's our ideal, the great hive
Keeping a million little folk alive,
And clean and fairly prosperous you will say ;
A good one too, no doubt, but must we play
Always for safety ? Surely man was made
For other things as well as tennis, bridge and trade.

So let the humble satirist endeavour
To wake his brethren lest they sleep forever
Lull'd by the pursy Present's crooning lies,
And safe illusions, bid them turn their eyes
To where the gleaming headlands of the future rise.
Haul down the mildew'd ensigns of the Past,
And nail *Utopia's* colours to the mast.



WOOD PIECE.

BETWEEN the trees he slowly stept
The while her nimble fingers crept
Amongst his hair—

And he, all unaware,
Trode slowly through the glade,
Arcade
Made
For Macaroon
Or Buffoon,
Not for unctuous Pantaloon.

Dry-as-dust rumbles on,
Mumbles on,
Stumbles on
The tender stalks that weep
Their dreams away beneath his feet.
The branches meet
And slowly seep
Their sweetness down.
(Fit for clown
Or Buffoon
Or Macaroon,
Not for unctuous Pantaloon).

Meantime the dryads bear
Vainly at his ruffled hair,
Heaping on his head
Dreams dead
Many a year,
But he only dabs his eyes,
Cussing at the summer flies.

With clumsy eyes and clumsy hands
He blunders into hidden lands,
Braying through the deafened trees,
Tearing at their mysteries.
Musing on the mellow humming
(Of the dryads' frantic drumming)
Blinking through his shuttered eyes,
Daring with his blunted hands,
Clutching at the purple flies
Stands
Dry-as-dust.

... He turns and stumbles on
The dripping apples spurning down.
Sharp laths of sunlight
Splinter on them
Beating the grass they tumbled on. . . .

WOOD PIECE.

The mazy, crested orchards drown
The dim professor, brown
With old respectabilities ;
The apples hear him mumble on
Beneath the brimming trees,
Arcade
Made
For Buffoon
Or Macaroon,
Not for unctuous Pantaloon.

C. A. S.



URANIA.

I YEARN for thee, O my Belovèd,
I yearn for thee with my heart and with my soul.
I am as a parchèd glade that waits the waters of thy strength :
And the spring of Love wells up within me.
I am as a dome of crystal beneath thy glance,
O thou Sun, thou radiant One :
I am as a pen that waits thy hand to guide,
I am as a palimpsest that waits thy writing,
O thou Inspiration,
Thou writer on my heart !

(The marigolds bloom in their gold and their tangerine,
And the snapdragons in their white and their red and their violet,
And their mantles of velvet :
Yet their colour is no purer than thine.
The waters of the rivers run crystal,
Yet they are no chaster than thou.
I yearn for thee, O my Belovèd,
I yearn for thee with my heart and with my soul.)

My Belovèd, thou art a young vine,
Sinuous and lovely and blushing,
And the bloom upon thy cheek is as the wax on the grape.
Soft is thy body, and sweet scented,
For all the oils and spices and merchandise
Of Kandahar and Isfahan are thine, O my Belovèd,
And I lay me at thy feet,
For I yearn for thee, as the bird for the vine, O my Belovèd,
I yearn for thee with my heart and with my soul.

PAN.

THOUGHTS OF A SOLITARY RAMBLER.

SUN shining brightly this morning. World seems to be a much better place than it was yesterday. This knapsack seems to be heavier than I thought. Anyway—here goes. Now we're off. Hm! Wonder if I've got my pipe? Ah! yes, here it is. Good pipe too. Nice aroma attached to it. Now what more could a man want—a lovely day, a walk through a leafy glade carpeted with autumn leaves, a well-filled knapsack on his back, a good old pipe, and—well, anyway, it makes me feel glad to be alive.

It's just occurred to me that the weather has a great effect on us—human troubles seen magnified by depressing weather. It is really marvellous how Nature can, in one night, give the world a bright and cheerful aspect instead of one of gloom and misery.

The moods of Man are very much like the moods of Nature—sometimes happy, sometimes miserable. I wonder where that path goes? Gate up there—and a notice—well here goes—must see where it does lead. Hm! Here's the gate—locked—have to climb it I suppose. 'Bout time they had a new gate. How long since I had anything to eat?—let's see—about two hours I should think. Feeling jolly empty anyway. Keep on for a bit I suppose. Ought to be thankful I've got something to eat. Some poor devils are always hungry—can't get enough food. Surprising how much trouble can be found when one looks for it—but still, trouble has its uses. I suppose we couldn't appreciate happiness if there were no trouble—in fact I'm sure we shouldn't. But still, one can get too much trouble—then views of Life begin to get distorted—perhaps that's why people commit suicide. Getting morbid. Must think of something else. Good job it's dry underfoot—I don't like wet feet—damned uncomfortable. Sort of thing that gives you a cold. Nasty things, colds. Messy too.—Wonder what that black patch is in front? Looks like mud. It is mud. Get across all right though. One foot on that lump—then step on to that stone and jump—well here goes—Now on the stone—now jump—Ouch!—How did I know the infernal stone was going to slip? Look at that—nasty black mud up to the ankle—have to put up with it I suppose. Hullo—who's this chap? Wonder whether he's a keeper or a poacher—what am I going to say to him? Shall I ignore him? Good Lord! He's got a gun. Better run for it—now don't be a fool—he can only turn me out—well here he is—and there he goes—poaching I suppose—well anyway he did say "Good morning." I always thought poachers were blackguards—but he looked a decent sort. Perhaps he was a keeper—then why didn't he turn me out? I don't know—think I'll have a smoke. Now where did I put my pipe? Ah! here it is. Horrors! Perhaps that dirty hound is going to shoot at me from behind—that's rot—better turn round and see what he's up to though. Hm! Disappeared! As frightened of me as I was of him I suppose. But I wasn't frightened of him! Well, anyway, what was I going to do?—I don't know—I've forgotten. Clouds coming up. I hope it's not going to rain. Hullo!—another gate. Also locked. Have to climb again. Better one than the other anyway. What's this? Please shut the gate. How ridiculous! You can't even open the damn thing. Wonder who owns this field—looks as though if I go through that other gate I shall get on the road. Have a rest and a smoke—ah! yes, that's it—I wanted a smoke, under that hedge over there—something down there—animal of some sort—can't make it out from here—might be a cow or a horse. Take off my knapsack for a bit. Ah! that's better—sky looks nice and blue this morning—I wonder what that animal was—hope it won't be inquisitive. Better have a look. Oh, it's a cow—perhaps it's a bull!—which is the nearest gate?

THOUGHTS OF A SOLITARY RAMBLER.

No ! It's all right. It's a cow. Wonder what the time is ? Have about ten minutes here and then push on. Another cow up there—I wonder—no—it must be a cow—or else they would not be so far apart. Good tobacco this. Nice and soothing.—Getting too lazy to think—I suppose that *is* a cow up there !

ULWI.



?

A MID the crowd her way along
The corridor she threads ;
With purest joy bursts into song
The very ground she treads.

The lecture-room, with case so neat,
She enters timidly
And seeks the far obscurest seat
With maiden modesty.

Those soft, sweet lips that nestle 'neath
Her little tilted nose
Recall to me the blooming heath,
The blushing of the rose.

The whole world lost, her smile I deem
Sufficient recompense ;
Her eyes a pale blue heaven seem
Of wond'ring innocence.

As in the spring, from topmost firs,
The cooing of the dove
The quiet of the woodland stirs
With magic notes of love,

The tremulous softness of her voice
With love sets beating fast
My foolish heart ; my ears rejoice
In music unsurpassed.

Her love, alas, another holds,
Lost is my paradise ;
Another's fond embrace enfolds
This pearl beyond all price.

Then shall I seek another mate
To undertake with me
The Road of Life ; or, celibate,
Be wed to memory ?

G. H. R.

THE HARTLEYANS.

THIS term has seen the birth of a college dance orchestra under the above name (yes, include the aitch please). Our main activity besides annoying the Matron of S.S.H., has been to provide music for lunch-hour dancing. Our combination at times is a little thin, due to the demands of the inner man, art school or over-practice, but we endeavour on every occasion to provide enough rhythm to drown the hiss of sand on which posture is produced. Our goal is the *soirée* engagement or broadcasting, we are not particular. Without any further remarks the band-personnel is reviewed herewith.

PIANO : modest—beautiful left hand—temperamental—stylist—subcontracted to hockey and tennis teams—has weakness for doubles. (See "Leader" notes, subsection D, par. a, line 2.)

1ST Eb SAXOPHONE : late Ambrose, a coming Dorsey—useful—"troubles" on fiddle, piano, sax.—has a pleasing tenor voice. Marvellous sight reader, with a penchant for triplets in the right hand and Basingstoke blondes in the left—his signature number is "I'm tickled pink with a blue-eyed baby."

G BANJO : promising young rhythm section—future stalwart—doubles good fiddle—beside college dance band does occasional degree work.

FIDDLE, 1ST : Welsh—stylist—good reader—future Eric Siday and Sammons combined. Mountain Ash product—will go far if he keeps serious at practice. Another Jones (what again !) SHWD MAE !

DRUMS : a large part of the rhythm section—good goalkeeper (sorry)—has had some doubtful experience. Keen—might rumba with practice—future stalwart—hopes to engineer besides play in our band. Doubles on sax. when allowed.

TENOR BANJO : a product of the Midlands (ataboy !) full of band-lore—knows Eddie Lang personally—doubles on genuine Amati fiddle (when allowed) and Stoneham piano (so-called). Useful in rhythm section—self reflective drop o' real.

SOLO PIANO : F.H.O., an old honoured member of S.S.H.—our relief solo pianist—when not passing degrees writes waltzes. Band adviser and arranger—pleasing, intimate microphone style—cannot hold the rhythm forwards. Hot on slows with harmony mute-counters.

ROLLY.

OUR LEADER, BY THE BOYS.

1ST TRUMPET : Hot and cold. Bb (very)—late Leicester Palais and A.B.C. symphony orchestra—has a "pash" on eight-beat rhythms, rumba and precious stones, but occasionally gets the wrong one. When not scoring for Henry J. rhapsodises with Gershwin and Armstrong. He has one main trouble (or two ?) : causing lip flutters and mutes. His lip is always on form at practice and at other times when we are absent (we hope !). A young Bolshevik in music and modern furniture. Calls the Warden to dinner with revolutionary selections ranging from Beer's fifth to "I'm thru' with love," coming home on a distorted ninth. Transposes, deposes, and exposes at sight, back to the second time bar, after four. "Who's solo is this ? Well sock !" fade out on "Good night Sweetheart."

COLLEEN.

F^{RUIT} soft-falling
From the low-vaulted tree,
Ripe is ever recalling
Colleen to me. . . .

Soft and yielding are her cheeks,
And her arms and her breast,
And the lover that she seeks
Knows no rest.

But she barter none of these
For the world's empty gifts ;
She seeks her lover and she flees
These poor shifts.

Honey liquor,
Hard apples in the leaf
(Her glance, quicker
Than man's belief,

Her lids, falling
Are lovely witchery)
Are ever recalling
Colleen to me. . . .

PAN.



SONNET : TWILIGHT ON GRENOBLE.

T^{HREE} thousand feet below, Grenoble lies,
A mass of tiny houses, red and white.
The river, old grey snake, winds out of sight
Into the West, where daylight slowly dies.

The Mountains, dimly blue, like Giants rise
Beyond the valley, through the mists, and bright
The foothills glow with autumn tints, while night
Spreads out her murky veil before our eyes.

Then, one by one, the lights gleam in the town.
Like scattered sparks they twinkle through the gloom,
And now a gentle rain drifts softly down,
And far away, the Mountains dimly loom.

A friend is by my side, and sad but calm
Our souls drink in the Night's exquisite balm.

GRENOBLE, OCT., 1911.

F. W. K. B.

BALLAD.

O H, Mr. C-ss-n is the man
To coach the rowing crew,
To take them on the Itchen,
And see what they can do.

One mid-November Wednesday,
When the flood was at the full,
The eight came to the towing path
To have a practice pull.

The craft was placed in readiness
For them, that afternoon,
And each was dressed in a suitable vest
With a scarf of dark maroon.

They took their places, man by man,
And rowed, as row they could ;
The enthusiastic stroke exclaimed,
" Gee, boys, but aren't we good ! "

Oh, Mr. C-ss-n is the man
Who loves to coach the crew,
To take them on the Itchen
And see what they can do.

And now they'd rowed the river course,
And now rowed back again ;
They rowed with so much energy
That they were weary men ;

And they were hot, so very hot
That everyone did sweat
And rested on their oars ; and lo !
They felt their seats were wet.

All silently the sea came in
And then, with scarce a sound,
The boat dropped down beneath the eight
And rested on the ground,

While they were left to sink or swim ;
Some swam, nor hesitated,
But one poor fellow had to be
Artificially respirationed.

Oh, Mr. C-ss-n was the man
Who coached the rowing crew,
He took them on the Itchen
And found what they could do.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING."

ON November 26th, 27th, and 28th, the Stage Society presented John Drinkwater's *Bird in Hand*, a clever play written amusingly around a very old theme, that of the refusal of a father to consent to his daughter's marriage "out of her station." In this case a slight change is made, in that Thomas Greenleaf, the landlord of the "Bird in Hand," will not hear of his daughter Joan's betrothal to Sir Robert Arnwood's, the Squire's, son, for it would be not below but above her station. The play, therefore, depends to a very large extent on the acting of Thomas Greenleaf, and here the cast was very well served, for W. L. Melton gave a first-class performance. Everything he did, even down to the unexaggerated West Country accent, was consistent and deserves the highest praise. At the moment when he spoke of Joan's tender place in his heart, there was admirable restraint with a natural and very telling effect.

To offset this obstinate and stern character, Mr. Blanquet "of French descent," the little Cockney traveller in sardines, provided the lighter and kinder side. Although, perhaps, the part does not demand quite so much, Walter Taplin was a great hit. Again, he didn't overdo it, and his Cockney accent was perfect. (Incidentally it is surprising how few people really can talk good Cockney on the stage.)

And what a marvellous pink flannel nightshirt! E. S. East gave an entertaining rendering of Cyril Beverley the "Novelist," and his second act scene in the bedroom shared with Ambrose Godolphin, K.C., was decidedly amusing. At times the latter (R. L. Woodland) was just a little disappointing. To be a somewhat pompous K.C. is not quite the same as being a "Nut" with a monocle. But in any case this is a difficult part and would normally require a much older man. R. D. Webb was adequate as the Squire, though perhaps with a little too much gusto for a man of advancing years. Gerald Arnwood (R. E. Brown) did not give the impression of being desperately in love. He could have let himself go much more.

Both the women were good. Miss Andrew's rendering of Mrs. Greenleaf was full of real talent and clever adaptation, and Miss Davies as Joan pleased everyone.

The play was well produced and stage-managed, and a special word of praise is due to those responsible for the very effective scenery.

Perhaps one may be permitted to make a definite criticism. The make-up of those taking parts of middle-aged or elderly people was inadequate, both in face lines and especially "white" hair. Powder is not enough, for to the audience more than ten yards distant, Sir Robert looked twenty-seven and not fifty-seven. The same applied to Mrs. Greenleaf and her husband and, to a lesser extent, Mr. Blanquet. The services of an experienced maker-up would remedy this, and give the very promising acting a more realistic touch.

SPECTATOR.



"A LOSING CANDIDATE IN THE GENERAL ELECTION GIVES HIS
WIFE A BIT OF HIS MIND."

AND so, my dear, you see I've lost my seat—
You need not moan because of my defeat !
No ! let *me* speak for once !—It was through you
That I lost all my votes, and canvassers too,
For you forbade that pretty Miss Dupree
To coax the men, and wangle votes for me.
Besides, you clipped my wings when I addressed
Those factory girls—three thousand votes gone west !
The worm will turn !—I *mean* to speak for once.
Quite long enough have I been "fool" and "dunce"
To your intolerable domination !
And even outside the very polling station,
You would not let me raise my hat and smile
At lady voters, use my manly guile.
How then could you expect me to compete
With that young Jones, who sneaked into my seat
By capturing the hearts of all the girls,
Who love his small moustache and glossy curls ?
I ask you—Martha, have I made you cry ?
Yes, all I've said is one colossal lie.
My dearest, I have been a brute to you,
Forgive me, love, please dry your eyes, come, do !
Here are the smelling salts ; please say no more.
(Aside) She wins again. Oh damn ! I nearly swore !

F. W. J. K. B.



THE WINDSPRITE.

COLDLY the moon rides on a bank of cloud
Wrapped in a veil of strange unearthly light ;
Sadly the wind in the tall tree-tops howls,
And the brown scattered leaves dance on the grass :
Out from a steep bank where the grass is long
The windsprite swiftly springs at dewy eve ;
Her hair is long, and wild, and richly dark,
And her robes are lifted high by the autumn breeze.
Wildly, swiftly now she whirls and spins,
Her white limbs gleaming in the moon's pale light ;
Her dark eyes flash, and her curved ruby lips
Wait to receive the kiss the breezes give.
The wind shrieks loud, and then with sudden rush
He sweeps the windsprite in a wild embrace ;
He lifts her gently in his arms, and flies
Over the tree-tops to the land of dreams.

TRISTRAM.



HIGHFIELD HALL.

HIGHFIELD HALL is on the verge of having almost extensive grounds to add to its already existing attractions; these grounds will doubtless appear when the last relics of the Old Hall have been removed. Bricks and dust, window-frames and banisters are all that remain to us of that rugged pile. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* Still, the view of the Common is ample compensation to all whose windows now face westward.

To turn now to a brighter subject for meditation: our entertainment of Stoneham men on the 14th of this month seemed successful from all points of view, chiefly due to the good floor with which we are blessed, a sympathetic band and a little ingenuity in lighting arrangements.

Now that the erstwhile Old Highfield Students have joined us—an arrangement which seems to be working very well indeed—all the resident women students of U.C.S. are once more members of one Hall.

C. B. G.

MONTEFIORE HALL.

THE Seniors of Montefiore Hall gave a tea to welcome freshers and introduce them to Miss Miller on the first Friday of this term. Since then great interest has been taken by all members in the activities of the Hall, and the acquisition of a room in Hut A after years of persistent pestering of the powers that be, will, we hope, add greatly to the corporate spirit of the members of the Hall.

S. B. W.

RUSSELL HALL.

THE first function of the Hall was a communal tea in the Refectory on October 23rd, when the opportunity was taken to introduce the Juniors to the Warden (Mr. Dudley) and to the aims and purposes of the Hall.

In the course of the session we hope to entertain the other Hostels and Halls, and if the enthusiasm of the Warden and Chairman (the latter office, we are pleased to say, being again filled by Mr. Sebborn) proves infectious to the rest of the members, the success of these entertainments is assured.

F. M. W.

THE WEST SAXON.

NEW HALL.

THE upstarts have taken possession of the kitchen garden—thus the jealous. At all events New Hall has arisen during the night, as it were, and some 120 men have taken up their quarters therein. The builders we have still with us and the Quad. in the rain is indeed the abomination of desolation, but we are prepared to bear such little afflictions with a cheerful spirit and to concentrate on our greater blessings. We have a noble Dining Hall over which we gloat, especially in public, a goodly supply of pantries, common-rooms and library (at present without books, but of which we have great hopes) and a minstrels' gallery. So far the mud has rather stood in the way of our entertaining. We have, however, had the pleasure of entertaining Sir John Thornycroft to dinner and next term, as the mud recedes we hope to be able to entertain more extensively.

W. L. M.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

YOU all want to know what is happening in Stoneham, don't you? Well—let us be cryptic. We are bubbling with vitality. In many senses we are an original house—we have living alarm clocks, Matron keeps a dog, and dinner is heralded by original fanfares, to touch on a few of our idiosyncrasies. Of course, attention may now be divided between us and our young brother in the ci-devant allotments. Still we mustn't grumble—we can never hope to simulate a barracks.

To the more hardy perennials at least, Stoneham has regained its erstwhile charm in having this year a normal number of inmates. With a surfeit of this commodity during the last two years we had to suspend the pleasant gatherings it was our wont to hold. This year, however, we began again by entertaining the seniors of Montefiore and Highfield Halls, many of whom agreed that Stoneham has charm even if the grand fireplace is reduced to the rank of a mere embellishment by the terms of the insurance policy. At any rate, we thoroughly enjoyed the whole thing.

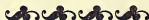
The very thought of Montefiore Hall makes our mouths water for a toffee-apple. We were entertained with accustomed cordiality at this pleasant function.

Only a short time ago we went to pay our respects to the Residence at Highfield. Now at Highfield you can always expect originality in one form or another. This time a small hole in the ceiling distributed balloons and coloured flashes with equal abandon.

We have been honoured from time to time by various guests, old students or others, who have at the appointed hour graced the high table. One occasion stands out especially in our minds. We were singularly fortunate in having the President and the Principal of the College to dinner simultaneously.

This seems a fitting point whereat to close our report, which we hope has not been unduly attenuated. It aims at striking a note of general satisfaction. In fact, the only thing wrong at Stoneham is that no one has enough halfpennies for the stamp machine.

M. S. G.



MR. -SHM-R-.

"What's the business
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house?"—"Macbeth."



STAGE SOCIETY.

THESE notes must perforce be brief; for at the moment our energies are fully concentrated on the production of "Bird in Hand," which is to appear before the public at the end of this very week.

We have met twice as the Play Reading Club; at the beginning of term we read "Gustavus Vasa." It was the first time we had attempted anything of Strindberg, and we must confess it was not a complete success; Strindberg obviously needs rehearsing if we are to have any hopes of getting him across even in his most straightforward plays.

The second attempt, Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," went down infinitely better; though even there the brilliant repartee was rather lost in an unheard reading. Nevertheless it was quite well read to a fairly large audience, composed almost entirely of women; may I dare to ask why?

R. L. W.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

THIS term we have been, to all appearances, sleepy; but with two prime factors serving sentences of 3 months' hard labour on school practice, and other members very actively engaged in sitting for examinations and/or rehearsing for Stage Society productions, what can one expect?

This is not an apology, it is merely by way of explanation.

Nevertheless, a large number gathered to hear the Staff Debate held on Friday, October 30th, when Patriotism held its own (even in a modern University College!) against the Defeatism of Those-who-face-Facts; the house gave a majority of two to the motion that "The British Empire is fast approaching Decline." Excellent speeches were made by Professor Forsey, the Hon. John Browne, Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Anderson, and some very interesting discussion was added from the floor, by Dr. Lawton and Dr. Rutherford particularly. We were more than delighted to have the Principal in the chair and hope to be able to persuade him to grace some of our future functions.

At the time of going to press Mr. Melton is on the way to Exeter, where he is representing us at their I.V.D.

B. B.

THE WEST SAXON.

THE CHESS CLUB.

THIS year the Chess Club has emerged from the state of coma into which it had fallen during the last few years, and is once more in a flourishing state.

An intensive campaign has revealed an unexpected amount of talent. We have 46 playing members on our lists—undoubtedly there are others of whom we have not yet heard and whom we ask to make themselves known. For the first time on record we have entered three teams in the Southampton Chess League, and, at the time of writing, all are still unbeaten.

Our activities are by no means confined to match play. Full use is being made of the facilities for practice now available in the Educational Library during each lunch hour. Players of all strengths can be sure of finding plenty of suitable opposition there each day.

A new feature this year is the series of talks, inaugurated by Mr. Belcher, dealing, in a way interesting to the average player, with different aspects of Chess. These papers are given each Tuesday at 1.20, and all interested are invited to attend. It should be pointed out that these papers are particularly practical and are of great help to anyone wishing to improve his game.

A knock-out handicap tournament will begin shortly, and we hope to start a weekly problem tourney very soon.

This year the club welcomes several women players, and we hope that others will soon follow their lead. Chess is not a game confined to men, and we feel sure there must be talent hidden still amongst the women.

C. R. P. D.

S.C.M.

ALTHOUGH we do not judge our success by our numbers, it is good to see that our membership is larger than it has been for some years.

Our activities this term began with a Freshers' Social, which was held on Thursday, October 8th. We regret that the General Meeting fixed for October 29th did not "come off," as our intended speaker was unable to come on that day. A General Meeting was held on Thursday, November 12th, and Dr. de Graf Johnson, of the Gold Coast, gave us an interesting talk on his own country.

Study circles have been organised in South Stoneham, New Hall, and South Hill Hostels and arrangements have been made to run a joint study circle with the League of Nations Society. We are hoping to have a Thé Dansant on the third Friday of next Term, January 15th, 1932.

J. W. M.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

A CHRISTIAN UNION has recently been formed in the College. It aims primarily at bringing together those who, holding the fundamental truths of Christianity and professing faith in Jesus Christ as Lord and the Bible as the Word of God, seek for help and fellowship in these things and to present a witness thereto in the College.

Meetings at present consist of a daily half-hour of prayer and a weekly Bible reading. Any students interested are invited to communicate with the Secretary for fuller details.

K. A. L.

UNIONS AND SOCIETIES.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



THE Geographical Society has, this session, increased its membership from 78 to 216. The programme for this year includes lectures on many branches of Geography. This term we have already had the honour of hearing Brigadier-General Winterbotham, C.M.B., D.S.O., of the Ordnance Survey, lecture on "Outposts of the East—Ceylon and Hong Kong." Professor Fleure of Manchester University visited us on November 6th when he addressed a large audience on "The City in Europe." Although this was Dr. Fleure's first visit to Southampton we feel he is intimately connected with the Society and we hope he will again visit us in the future.

We have been fortunate in persuading Dr. Fox, of the National Museum of Wales, to address us on December 10th. His subject will be "Early Settlement in the Cambridge Area." We hope to see a large number of members present at this meeting.

It is hoped that permission will be obtained to go over the Ordnance Survey offices and the Docks and Cold Storage this term.

W. M. P. A.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY.

ONE single idea may have greater weight than the labour of all the men, animals and engines for a century, but to know that idea is not enough, we must turn what we know to account. It is not enough to will: we must do.

The idea of the League of Nations is centuries old, but as an organisation it is a new thing. It is assumed that students appreciate the merits of the idea: what the League of Nations Society aims at this session is to encourage students to appreciate the merits of international organisation in practice.

With this end in view, and with the valuable co-operation of the Students' Union and Economics Society, talks are being given each week by Mr. Ford and Mr. Hodgson on the financial aspects of the Crisis. One other lunch-hour meeting has been held, and on that occasion Mr. Poole, Secretary of the B.U.L.N.S., gave a talk on "The Trouble in Manchuria." Other meetings will be arranged and suggestions as to topics should be made known to members of the Committee.

Four Study Circles have been planned, and two have already had successful meetings. Again, we have had the pleasure of working with the Economics Society at one of these circles. We should also like to thank members of the staff for their active support, and to invite other students and members of staff to follow suit and honour us with their presence.

A new feature at some of our meetings has been food for the inner man as well as food for thought. There has been enthusiasm too among some of our members, but the more enthusiastic, persistent and determined we are, the greater will be the chance of turning our latent idealism into practice. To all members of University College we

THE WEST SAXON.

would echo Jansen's words—"We need you, young friends, with fresh eyes capable of seeing the simple elemental things—ready to try new trails, to run risks and to dare the unknown."

H. R. S.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, 9TH SOUTHAMPTON ROVER CREW.

WE are pleased to welcome into the Crew this term, two Scouters and three Rovers, all having some years of experience: this brings our number, with recruits, to twenty, which, in a community of such dimensions and activities, is no small figure. Moreover, Rovering does not provide a mere "sideline" or "hobby" for our members, but invades their very lives in that they show that characteristic sanity, goodwill and helpful spirit to all with whom they come into contact.

Activities this term have been considerable in spite of many other calls. We have had one model Troop meeting in the evening, and lunch-hour gatherings have been fairly active—mainly spent in practising signalling. Good work is being done by several of our members in aiding the Dockland Settlement No. 5 Troop, which has been severely smitten lately by financial burdens, but has been able to continue by the unceasing efforts of a few Rovers. Sunday mornings chiefly have been spent with this troop, instructing in all class tests and providing sound education for lads, who otherwise, in many cases, would be sadly adrift.

Finally, we extend a hearty welcome to any Old Scouts, or others interested in the Movement, who are not yet in touch with us.

H. L. C.

BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE Biological Society at the beginning of this session is full of hope and high ambitions. Its membership is large and it is realised that its appeal is making itself felt outside as well as inside college. The need for this society cannot be overestimated as both botany and zoology are now included in the school curriculum. Both botanical and zoological subjects are represented in the programme for the session and the loyal and wholehearted support of all its members is looked forward to.

So far this term we have only held one lecture, that being by Dr. W. B. Brierley from Rothamsted Experimental Station. He spoke on the fungus *Botrytis Cinerea* and as he based it entirely on his own experiments it proved to be extremely interesting. The animated discussion which followed showed that it was thoroughly appreciated. We hope that the same spirit will be prevalent in subsequent lectures.

Among the many interesting lecturers for the session the name of Professor Sir J. Arthur Thomson stands out most clearly. As everyone knows, he has held many important posts and it is hoped that he will have the reception he deserves when he lectures on "The Drama of Animal Life."

E. L. W.



MISS M-LL- -NDR-WS.

"... Do not tarry. ..."—*Campbell*, "*Lord Ullin's Daughter*."

MR. B-TST-N- OR MR. P-SC-TT.

"The (k)nightly growth that fringed his upper lip."—*Tennyson*, "*Morte D'Arthur*."



R.F.C.

EARLY hopes of a successful season were rudely dashed by an unexpectedly heavy defeat by Bristol University. At half-time, thanks mainly to the excellent work of the pack, who played well throughout against their heavier and faster opponents, "Wessex" were leading 5-3. During the second half, however, the College allowed Bristol to have their own way entirely, and the match was lost 5-26.

All our other matches to date have been won rather easily, but if we are to complete the season with a creditable record, the team will have to improve considerably, especially as regards stamina, tackling and passing.

The "A" XV have so far preserved their unbeaten record of last season, their most noteworthy performance being a 5-0 victory over Churcher's College.

Perhaps the most encouraging feature this season is the fact that "recruits" are so numerous that on one occasion it has been possible to run a "B" XV who, though defeated by Trojans "B," played exceptionally well, and were by no means disgraced.

Records to date :

				<i>Points</i>	
		<i>Pld.</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	
1st. XV	..	5	4	1	74
"A" XV	..	5	5	0	138
"B" XV	..	1	0	1	3
					<i>Against</i>
					41
					9
					9

E. G. S.

A.F.C.

THE season started in a somewhat disappointing manner, our captain-elect failing to return to College for reasons not under our control. In addition to this we had but five of last season's team available. It was then that we feared that we had rather over-estimated our strength, for a really ambitious programme had been arranged.

The overwhelming number of men actively interested revived our hopes, and at the same time presented us with a serious problem. With but one pitch available we were forced to run double trials on several occasions and now find ourselves unable to cater for all our members by giving them match experience. May future generations have better facilities !

THE WEST SAXON.

Under Cassidy's able control we anticipate a very successful season. At present the 1st XI is not all that we would wish and whether we shall rise to the occasion in the U.A.U. matches is doubtful. We have not despaired, but at the same time it is useless to entertain false hopes.

Two results are rather outstanding. Against Lymington, a Hants County League side, we sustained our only defeat to date, and that by the odd goal of three after a very hard match.

A brilliant victory was gained over Winchester City F.C., another Hants League side, by 4-0.

Special reference must be made to our 2nd XI which is stronger probably than ever before, and to the inauguration of a regular 3rd XI.

Records to date :

			<i>Pld.</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Abandoned</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Goals</i>
									<i>Against</i>
1st XI	7	4	1	2	0	32	10
2nd XI	5	4	0	0	1	19	7
3rd XI	5	4	0	1	0	31	15

G. P. K.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

THIS year we have only five of our last year's team, the rest having either gone down or decided to drop hockey. We were hoping for some outstanding forwards among the Freshers, but in this we were disappointed, and consequently in our first matches our forward line was rather ragged. Latterly, however, it has shown much greater promise and we hope that in our Varsity matches, Exeter this term and Bristol next, we shall produce some really good hockey. In the County Tournament at Winchester we secured third place, losing only three points, while in the four matches played so far, we have scored eleven goals, with ten scored against us. Although this is only a small margin in our favour, we hope by the end of the season to increase it considerably.

M. L.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

WE have opened the season with far greater success than usual. It is quite customary for the Hockey Club to suffer many defeats in its opening games, but this season is exceptional. This is due to the fact that we have had several talented players come up this session and no doubt are deriving some benefit from the fact that we have now a regular 2nd XI.

At present we have lost but three of the nine matches played. Our first defeat was at Reading University; then our team was much depleted as five regular members, including the captain and vice-captain, were absent. We have since lost to Bristol University (4-1) with our side at what seems to be full strength. The standard of hockey in this game was quite high in spite of the appalling conditions and, I think, it can be quite truthfully said that the score rather exaggerates the superiority of our opponents.

In spite of these early set-backs it seems quite evident that the 1st XI have embarked upon what will prove to be a most successful season.

ATHLETICS.

The results for the season up to the time of going to press are :

Pld.	Won	Lost	Drawn	Goals	
				For	Against
9	5	3	1	37	20

The programme arranged for this season is quite a heavy one. The 2nd XI have more than double the number of matches they had last season arranged for this one. At present they have played five matches, of which two have been won and the others lost.

The club, then, seems to be in the midst of one of its most successful seasons.

A. E. W.

REPORT OF NETBALL CLUB.

THE Netball Club has been very successful so far this season. Every match has been won, and the 1st team are now in the semi-final of the Sussex and S. Hants Netball League, and have every prospect of reaching the Final.

The members are looking forward to having a court on the playing-field next term, and are always very glad of supporters at their matches, especially at those with Bristol and Reading Universities.

A. J. B.

CROSS-COUNTRY CLUB.

ALTHOUGH the Club commenced the season with only two of last season's colours available, a strong team has been built up around the Captain and the remainder of last season's runners.

The first race, against King Alfred's College, Winchester, was won easily; the score being 55-81. Especial credit is due to G. Lawrence, A. Harley and A. Manning for their excellent and consistent performances.

Early in the New Year a very important event is to be decided at Southampton. The College is entertaining the Cross-Country teams of Bristol University, Reading University and University College, Exeter, in a quadrangular race on February 6th, and this event should provide a race of a higher standard than has been held before at Southampton.

R. L. T.

MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

THE 1931 season ended most successfully as regards both swimming and water-polo matches. One of the former and two of the latter were drawn; all other matches were won.

The greatest opposition was provided by Goldsmiths' College. Among the teams beaten with fair ease were those of Reading University, Exeter University College and Winchester Training College.

Towards the end of the season there was a race, open to the A.U., down the Itchen, from Mansbridge to Woodmill. It is hoped that this will become an annual event.

One notable feature of the season was the great spirit of enthusiasm and enjoyment, which was present throughout.

During the winter terms weekly practices are being held. Those which have already been held have shown that there is new talent enough to compensate for that which has been lost. So a hopeful prospect is entertained for 1932.

J. E. S.

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